Boft tones that awestly mingle,
the cows are coming home;
Matvine and Pearl and Florimei,
BeKamp, Hed Rose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bous and Syiph, and Spangled Sue,
Arces the fivila! I hear her "hoo-to,"
And clain; her silver bell;
Go-link; go-lang, golingledingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby-joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twee and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
The cows are coming home;
The cows are coming home;
Through vialet air we see the town.
And the summer sun a-skipping down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-ring, toringleringle,
By thress and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.
The same awest sound of wordless psaim,
The same awest sound of wordless psaim,
The same awest sound of bads and balm.
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-fostering in the checks red stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and glean,
Clarine, Peachbloom, Piebe, and Phillis
Stand ance-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home.
And up through memory's deep ravine,
Come the brook's old ong and its old-time sheen
And the cressent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home. with tinkle, tankle, tinkle,

With kingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo, and mos-oo, and jungle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin hill,
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the dew-drops ite on the tangled vines,
And over the splent mill,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With a ting, a-ling and lingle,
The cows come allowly home.
Let down the bars; let in the train
of long-gone song and flowers and rain,
For doar old time comes back again
When the cows come home.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Some of the Famous Cases. We doubt if there ever happened more melancholy instance of what is termed "judicial murder" than the famous case of Eliza Fenning. The tragic history of that unhappy young woman, though well remembered by old Londoners, is probably forgotten, or at toest but little known in the United States. Eliza Fenning was a fair girl of twenty-two, of more than usual intelligence for one of her class, bright, coquettish, but well-disposed and amiable. The daughter of a poor couple who dwelt in High Holbern, on the very spot where Day & Martin's blacking estab-Tishment now stands, she was employed as cook in the family of a Mr. Turner, a law stationer in Chancery lane. That family consisted of the Turners, man and wife, two apprentices named Gads-den and King, Sarah Peer, a housemaid, and Eliza Fenning, the cook. One day the father of Mr. Turner went to his son's house to dinner, and Mrs. Turner ordered Eliza to make some yeast dumplings. When dinner time came are three Turners sat down at table and began to discuss the savory dish. The dumplings had scarcely been tasted, however, when all three were seized with sharp and agonizing pains. The dish was taken out into the kitchen, and there Gadsden, one of the appretices, partook of it, and also fell violertly ill. Eliza herself next ate of the dish, and was attacked by the same strange symp-

The physician who was called declared 'the symptoms of the sufferers to be those of poisoning by arsenic. Then every component part of the dish of dumplings was examined. It was clear that the poison was not in the sauce, of which the elder Turner had not partaken. Neither was it in the flour, for a pie crust made of the same flour had been eaten by King and Peer with impunity. Some dough of which the dumplings were made was examined, and poison discovered therein. It appears that Turner used assemble for killing rate, and was in the babit of leaving it carelessly

toms. The apprentice King and Sarah

the maid, who had dined earlier, did

not taste the dumplings, and were not

in so men drawer.

Suspicion fell at once upon Eliza Fenning, and she was arrested and arraigned the Turners. From the first she earnestly protested her innocence. It was proved that she, and she alone, had mixed and made the dumplings; the circumstantial evidence went to show that no one else had access to them until they were served upon the table. She been in the kitchen all the time they were there, and most of the time alone. Here, thon, was proved opportunity. It was shown that when the apprentice, Cadaden, was on the point of eating some of the dumplings, Eliza urged him not to do so, saying they were cold and heavy. It was 10 evidence that Miza had not taken the poisoned food until she had observed its effect upon others, and it was thence inferred that she took it either to conceal her crime, or with a suicidal design. It moreover appeared that Eliza's statements were consistent, contradictory, and, in some instances, untrue. She declared that the poison must be in the milk and not in the dumplings. Now, the milk had been fetched by Sarah Peer. It was thence inferred that Eliza was trying to divert suspicion from herself to her fellow-servant. The analysis proved conclasively that the arsenic was in the damplings and not in the milk. To fur-ther disprove the presumption of inno-ceases by eating herself of the poisoned food, it was shown that she had shortly before had a hearty meal off a beefsteak have eaten the "cold and heavy "dump-lings, as she described them to Gadsden, because she was hungry. Having tried in vain to persuade people that the poison was in the milk, she turned around and declared that it was in the

however, created so whispered an agita-tion in the public mind that justice hesition in the public mind that justice hesi-tated to execute its fatal decree. The utter absence of a conceivable motive was a serious blow in the case. Why should this light-hearted, amiable young girl, whose worst known fault was her coquetry with the apprentices, poison a whole family? The great Irish advo-cate, Curran, then in the height of his fame, exclaimed in burning eloquence against the horrible cruelty of her fate. She was reprieved for three months, in the hope that new evidence would transthe hope that new evidence would transpire to save her. None was forthcom-She was executed amid the greatest excitement throughout the metropo-lis; and on a warm July day she was borne, amid the sorrowing faces of ten thousand spectators, and her pail upheld by six young girls robed in white, from her humble home to the graveyard of the foundling hospital. One who lived amid the scenes wrote long after: "Poor Eliza Fenning. So young, so fair, so innocent! Cut down even in thy morning, with life's brightness only in its dawn! Little did it profit thee that a city mourned over thy early grave, and that the most eloquent men did justice to thy memory !"

For more than half a century the guilt er innocence of Eliza Fenning was a disputed point. Then the confession of the real murderer came out, and her innocence was established beyond a doubt,

We need not emphasize the many examples in which the identity of an accused person has been mistaken by positive and honest witnesses. Those who are old enough to remember the trial of Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman, will recall that several witnesses of the most perfect good faith swore very positively that they saw Dr. Parkman on Washington street, in Boston, at 3 o'clock, or thereabouts, on Saturday afternoon, when it was proved, and appeared afterward, by Webster's confession, that Dr. Parkman had ceased to live before noon of that day.

A singular case of mistaken identity

occurred not very long ago at the Old Bailey court in London. A young man was arraigned for a serious crime. It was alledged that the crime was committed on a certain day, which we will say was on the 10th of March. A number of persons swore positively that the pris oner was the criminal, and a very strong web of evidence closed around him.
The identity, at least, seemed fully
proved. The prisoner, who defended
his own case, did not cross-examine the prosecuting witness; and, when the case against him was closed, he announced that he had no witnesses to call. simply requested the judge to order the records of the court for the 10th of March (the day on which the crime was committed) to be produced. It then appeared that on that very day he was be ing tried at the Old Bailey for another offense, of which, by the way, he had been acquitted. This indisputable proof of a perfect alibi, of course, put an end to the case against him, and he was at once discharged.

The illustrations of the various phases of circumstantial evidences are, of course, almost numberless; and we can sought this daughter in marriage, but only select here and there one worthy of study for some peculiarity of incident or character, remarkable either for rarity or mystery. Two cases entirely dissimilar, yet both putting into bold relief the bearing of indirect evidence, merit brief narration. Motive to commit a crime, as has often been said, is difficult of measurement, since crimes have frequently been committed from what appear to the ordinary mind very inadequate motives. The murder of Madame Pauw, in France, about ten years ago, shows, on the other hand, how a conspicuous and powerful motive, in the absence of other conclusive evidence, sometimes puts justice successfully upon the track of the criminal. Madame Panw was a widow with three children, who had an intimate friend in the Count de la Pommerais. This titled personage was in need of noney, and he had a head for scheming. He planned a fraud upon eight insurance companies, and persuaded the poor widow to become his instrument in it. Her life was to be insured she was then to feign dangerous illness, and, while lying apparently in a serious strait, the insurance companies were to be persuaded to change the life policies into annuities. The Count advanced the premiums; the policies were made out, transferable by indorsement. Madame Pauw was then induced to indorse them to him, and also to make a will in his favor. The next thing was for the widow to pretend to fall ill, which she did; but, instead of the policies being transferred into annuities, the poor lady died, it was a grave blunder of the Count to tell the Doctor, when he came in, that Madame Pauw had fallen down stairs; for not only was this denied by abundant testimony, but the post-mortem examination betrayed the presence of poison as the cause of her death. At once thereafter, the Count de Pommerais came into possession of the half million francs which accrued under the policies and the wiff. Here occurred a singular incident in the trial. It is clear that, if the Count had intended the fraud in earnest, when he proposed it to Madame Pauw, and really designed to obtain for her an annuity by this means, thus secur-ing to himself a life income, he could have had no serious motive for killing her. And this was actually his defense against the charge of murder. He declared, and tried to prove, that he really meant to carry out the fraud, and that

ecuted. It has been said that a very important link in the chain of circumstantial evidence is that of opportunity. To show want of opportunity, that is, an alibi, is an absolute answer to the strongest indictment, and produces a fatal flaw in the chain. Opportunity to commit the crime must be either proved outright or yeast. The yeast was proved by analysis to be perfectly pure.

Here, then, was a group of important circumstantial elements. Opportunity that of the young Scottish girl, Madeleine Smith, whose trial at Glasgow may gentleman.

Madame Pauw's death was a catastrophe

and an accident. Thus, in trying to

clear himself of the grave crime, he coolly confessed the lesser. But the proof contradictory of his case was too

clear; he was convicted and duly ex-

annals. Madeleine Smith had engaged herself to a young Frenchman named L'Angelier. It was clearly proved that she was tired of him, and was anxious to disentangle herself from the connection. But L'Angelier clung to her and refused to be rebuffed. There is no doubt that on several occasions, just previous to his visits, she had purchased poison, or that, always after these visits, he was seized with severe illness. On the 17th of March, Madeleine returned to her house in Ghasgow, after a brief visit to some friends. The next day she purchased some arsenic, "to kill rats with," as she said. The arsenic bought, the next thing she did was to write to with, as she said. The arsenic bought, the next thing she did was to write to L'Angelier, inviting him to tea on the evening of the 19th. He happened to be out of town, and did not, therefore, get the note until it was too late to accept the local state. cept the invitation. She wrote again on the 21st, urging him to come the next evening, and saying: "I waited for you, but you came not. I shall wait again to-morrow night, same time and arrangement." This note L'Angelier received. So far the proof was clear. It was also in evidence that he started from his lodgings in excellent health on Sunday evening, and that he sauntered in the direction of Madeleine's house; this was at 9 o'clock. Twenty minutes later he called on a friend who lived but a short called on a friend who lived but a short distance from her residence. Here the evidence utterly failed, and left a blank for four hours and a half. At 2 in the morning, L'Angelier was found at his own door, writhing and speechless; and in a few hours he was dead. The autopsy betrayed a large quantity of arsenic in his body. But between twenty minutes pas 9 and 2, no human being could depose to having laid eyes on him. Made-leine herself denied that she saw him at all that night; nor was the slightest proof forthcoming that she did. She was put on trial for the murder L'Angelier; and, altogether, her desire to get rid of him—that is, a motive; her pur-chase of arsenic—that is, possession of an instrument similar to that which was found to have been fatal; and her notes of invitation -that is a fact from which a strong probability of a meeting between them that night was established-were fully proved, the absence of all proof of actual opportunity to commit the deed availed to save the prisoner's life. She said, in effect : "I was at my house, and can prove it; he was at my house, and can prove it; he was not there, for I defy you to prove it. Therefore, I have an alibi." The Scotch verdict of "not proven," set her free, but did not clear her of the stain of deep suspicion.

The story of the Danish pastor, Soren Qvist, is one of the most touchingly

justice is sometimes too quick to seize upon appearances, and neglect the supposition of fabricated evidence. Scren was a clergyman of middle age, settled over a small primitive parish in Jutland. Pure and irreproachable in character, genial, generous and devout, he was cursed with a fiery, ungovernable temper; yet he was universally revered and varied his pastoral cares, as is not infrequent in Scandinavian countries, by cultivating a modest farm. He had a daughter, gentle and comely. A farmer in a neighboring village, one Morten Bruns, well off, but of bad reputation, was rejected both by her and by the pastor. Soon after, a brother of his, Niels Bruns, entered the pastor's service as a farm-hand. Niels was lazy, imprudent and quarrelsome, and frequent aiter cations occurred between him and his master. One day Soren found the man idling in the garden. A quarrel ensued, when the pastor, his hot temper getting the better of him, struck Niels several times with a spade, saying, "Ill beat thee, dog, until thou liest dead at my The man then jumped up and ran off into the woods, and was not seen again. The rejected suitor, Morton, after his brother had thus mysteriously disappeared, boldly charged the pastor with the crime, and offered to produce convincing proofs of the fact. Soren was, therefore, arraigned, when the following evidence was arrayed against him: A man testified that on the night after the A man testified that on the night after the quarrel he saw the parson, in his green dressing-gown and white night-cap, dig-ging hard in the garden. It was also proved that, search having been made in the garden, a body had been un-earthed, undoubtedly that of Niels, with clothes and earrings upon it. A servant girl testified not only to having heard Soren repeatedly threaten to kill Niels, but to having seen the parson go out into the garden on the fatal night in his green dressing-gown and night-cap. Still stronger evidence was produced to the effect that the parson had been seen in his green dressing-gown and night-cap, carrying a heavy sack from the wood near by into the garden. The chain of evidence was apparently complete against Soren; and the poor parson now sealed his own fate by declaring that he be-lieved he had killed Niels though unconsciously. He stated that he was wont to talk in his sleep. He had found texts, written sermons, and visited his church while in a state of somnambulism. He must, therefore, have found the man dead in the wood while thus unconscious, and have buried him while in this condition. To be brief, Soren was found guilty and executed.

tragic in judicial records; and once more

exemplifies Paul Feval's complaint that

Twenty years after, Niels Burns turned up again, alive and well, grown now old and gray. He recounted how his brother Morten (now dead) had concocted a plot to fasten the crime of murder on the pastor, in revenge for the rejection of his suit. A body had been disinterred and dressed in Niels' clothes; disinterred and dressed in Niels' clothes; the dressing-gown and night-cap had been abstracted, used as we have seen, and replaced; Morten dressed in them, had brought the corpse in the sack and buried it in the garden; and then, his plot carried out, he had given Niels a purse and bid him begone, and not to re-turn or his life should answer for it. Niels had kept out of the way till Mor-Niels had kept out of the way till Morten's death, and had now returned with this terrible tale.—Appletons' Journal.

A RESIDENT of Gloucester, Mass., is preparing to cross the Atlantic alone in a sloop-rigged boat fifteen feet long, five and a half feet wide, and two and a

THE CENTENNIAL.

Hints to Visitors—Successed the Exhibition.

Hon. Robt. Lowry, United States Centennial Commissioner for Iowa, returned from Philadelphia recently, to spend a fowweeks in Davenport. In an interview he stated that he made the trip from Philadelphia to Davenport in just thirty three hours running time. The fast mail train leaves Philadelphia at 7:20 a. m., making but three stops between that city and Pittsburgh, reaching Chicago at 9:20 next morning, and Davencago at 9:20 next morning, and Davenport at 6:20 in the evening. Mr. L. wants publicity given to a few suggestions concerning the Centennial which will prove of interest and value to

It should be understood distinctly that fifty cents admits to all parts of the Exposition grounds. Once admitted through the gates, all there is in all the buildings can be seen without additional

The Centennial Commission has adjourned to meet July 1st, at which time the Sunday opening matter and other questions of importance will be finally

Articles for exhibition are still arriving. Already the foreign Commissioners, the visitors and exhibitors admit that the Exposition is the greatest sight of the kind the world has ever seen. Mr. Lowry states that there is but one sentiment on the subject, and that is, that it is a grand and unexampled success in

every particular except attendance.

In regard to bearding accommodation at Philadelphia there seems to be much misapprehension and ignorance, among Western people especially. Mr. L. states that there is room in the great city for four or five hundred thousand people, and that at no time yet, not even during the opening day, were even the hotels crowded. Of the leading hotels, the Continental has reduced its daily rates from \$5 to \$4.50, the Girard has reduced to \$3.50, and so have all the other downtown hotels. The International and Globe, at the grounds, still charge \$5 a day. Besides this, Philadelphia is filled with the very best of private boarding houses, and at these anybody and every-body can get excellent board at from \$6 to \$14 a week, at a distance of from one mile to three miles from the grounds. Six of the Iowa superintendents are now getting good board at \$6 a week. The street car lines extend from the park, on all the streets to all parts of the city, the fare on which is but seven cents. There is ample accommodation for all the people who may or will go, and there exists not the least necessity for writing in ad-vance to engage rooms or board. Peo-ple arriving from the West by the Pennsylvania Central should leave their families or lady companions at the Centennial depot of the railway, then hunt up and secure lodgings and remove directly to them. It is better to avoid the restaurants and boarding halls on the grounds, as the prices at these are very much higher than at hotels and boarding houses. The latter institutions are becoming alarmed at the small attendance so far, and are reducing their rates right along, which reduction will be still greater after the Fourth of July. People visiting the grounds should take a lunch along and remain all day, as, if they leave the place to go to dinner, they will

have to pay fifty cents to re-enter.

As yet the railroads have manifested no disposition to reduce their rates. It is feared that if a further reduction of twenty-five per cent. is not made the success of the enterprise will be serious-

ly endangered.

The Suicide of Abdul-Aziz.

The lives of dethroned monarchs are short at the East. Abdul-Aziz Khan has outlived his reign by less than the space of a week. Fifty or a hundred years ago the "official announcement" of his suicide would have been accepted by every one as a smooth periphrasis for an altogether different matter. To-day a very large number, in and out of the empire he so lately ruled, will accept the same ready explanation of his sudden death. The history of his line as Tartar Khans, the annals of his race in a far-reaching line of Sultans of his and of other Turki tribes, the earlier and more ancient story of the Caliphate, all point to assassina tion as the natural concomitant of a deposition, and as in some sense the judicial result of the political event. But there is no necessity in this case to assume this revolting explanation. The empire has passed into the hands of the best administration it contains, and their administration is backed by such public opinion as exists in Turkey, a public opinion all powerful with the army. Midhat Pacha and his associates have a great deal to lose and nothing whatever to gain by a resort to violence. The action of the three powers primarily represented in the Berlin memorandum waits suspended on the chance of peaceful and energetic reforms during the next three months. The closer and more imme diate danger of an armed advance by Servia under an ardent Philo-sclave awaits the negative assent of Russia to the crossing of Drina. The support of the ancient ally of the Sublime Porte, England, could be nothing more easily estranged than by the assassination of a prince who but the other day was Eng-land's guest, and in whose behalf the Queen of England has just interposed her good offices. And added to all this, Constantinople to-day is practically European city. Concealment in such a matter is impossible. It may be set down as altogether probable that Abdul-Aziz actually has committed suicide.

In his suicide he stands alone. None of his race and none bearing the titular authority which centered in his person have before quarreled with fate or fought with written destiny .- New York World.

A new plant, much used in Peru, and successfully employed by Weston dur-ing his walks, has been tested by the veteran pharmacologist of Edinburgh, Prof. Christison. Once, as it was called by the Indians, was corrupted by the Spaniards into coca. Prof. Christison proposes to restore the original name. He tried its effects upon some medical students, and then upon himself. He started by walking fifteen miles after breakfast in four stages without the aid of cuca. At the close of his walk—a pretty heavy one for a man of seventy-eight—his pulse was raised from 62 to 110, and he was totally unfitted for mental exertion. Four days later, under the influence of the new drug, he not only

walked the distance without fatigue, but his pulse stood only at 90 and fell in two hours to 78. The results of the experiment proved that the chewing of cuca removes extreme fatigue and prevents it, and that no injury whatever is sustained. It has no effects upon the mental faculties, but acts directly upon the tissues and sustains the strength of the heart's action. heart's action.

Fritz has had more trouble with his neighbor. This time he determined to appeal to the majesty of the law, and accordingly consulted a legal gentleman. "How yos dose tings," he said, "ven a valare's got a garden und de oder valare's got a garde are's got some shickens eats um up? Don't you got some law for dot?" "Some one's chickens been destroy

ing your garden ?" asked the lawyer. Straw in mine garden! Nine, it vos

"And the chickens committed depre dation on them ?" "Ish dot so?" asked Fritz in astonish

ment. "And you want to sue him for dam ages?" continued the lawyer. "Yans. Gott for tamages, und de cabbages, und de lettuges."
"Did you notify him to keep his

chickens up?" "Yaas, I nodify him." "And he refused to comply with your just demand?"

"He allowed his chickens to n at arge ?" "Yaas. Some yos large, und some

vos ieetle valares, but dey vos scratch mine garden more as de seben dimes "Well, you want to sue him?"
"Yaas, I vant to sue him to make vor blank fence up sixdeen feet his house all

around, vot de dam shicken's don't got The lawyer informed him that he could not compel the man to build such a fence, and Fritz left in a rage, exclaim-

"Next summer time I raise shickens too, you bate. I raise fighting shickens, py tam !"-Brunswick News.

A Battle With Rattlesnakes.

A letter from Milford, Pa., says : John Quick, David Angle, George R. Bosler and Frank Quick, quarrymen, a few days ago started into the woods in search of a new stone quarry. On reaching Red Ridge, six miles north from Milford, they were suddenly startled by a loud and continuous noise, caused by rattlesnakes. Being aware that they were in the vicinity of a den of these reptiles, but not knowing the cract locality, they concluded to follow up the sound, and if possible find the den. After walking through the thicket for a few rods, they found themselves on the verge of a large mass of loose shell rock, at the extreme north end of which they discovered a black, moving mass of rattlesnakes basking in the sunshine. A stone dropped among them by one of the party caused them to rattle fierely, and the buzz that followed was almost deafening. Each quarryman then procured a long heavy stick, and approaching cautiously to within reaching distance, began the battle. The rock upon which the reptiles the great R. A.!" Mr. B.—"Oh, is it? lay was surrounded, and rapid blows were brought to bear upon them. John indeed!"—Fun. Quirk, a tall, powerful man, by bringing his huge club to bear across the top of that were not killed managed to escape

by crawling into the surrounding rocks. The party counted nearly three huadred dead reptiles, some of them measuring nearly five feet in length and having from fifteen to twenty rattles.

This den is within about six miles of the famous Ball hill den, in Shohola township, where thousands have been killed during the past ten years.

The Hard Times.

The depression of industry and trade is by no means confined to this country. It extends all over Europe. The busi-ness and financial condition of England is so embarrassed that a panie is apprehended, and financiers remember that English panies occur at intervals of ten years and that the last occurred in 1866. Germany is suffering from an unusual depression which affects trade, manufactures, and commerce. Indeed, the whole of Europe is suffering from the business stagnation, and, as Mrs. Besant, an earnest and unusually intellgent Enghish writer, says, "wherever one turns one's eyes the same sad story must be read of ever-falling wage. It is not in England alone that trade is dull. Right through Europe the dull clang of arms is heard instead of the cheerful ring of the pick; swords are more thought of than shovels; weapons of war to slay instead of weapons of peace to support. Sorely the times press upon the toilers; pressure of taxation diminishing wage falling market diminishing wage; rising prices diminishing wage." The constantly recurring strikes in England and on the Continent attest the truth of her words .- New York Graphic.

End of the Mexican Revolution. The revolution in Mexico, which at one time assumed formidable proportions, embracing, as it did, nearly all the Northern States of the Republic, and seeming to be theroughly organized, is practically at an end. The defeat of the revolutionary forces in Oaxaca, on the 29th of May, with a loss of 2,000 men in killed and wounded, is a blow from which the revolutionists will not recover. The day preceding this im-portant battle was marked by another defeat for the revolutionists in Tlascala. The steady advance of the Government forces northward and eastward has been unbroken by a single reverse. At every point where the revelutionists have made a stand they have been broken and scattered like chaff.

Bound to Go to the Circus.

On the arrival of a circus at St. Croix, On the arrival of a circus at St. Croix, Wis., a family who lived twenty-two miles distant sold their only stove to raise the money to attend it. Their method of traveling was by means of an ox team. One day was consumed in going, another in witnessing the entertainment, and a third in returning. Happy and contented they arrived at their stoveless home, and voted the circus the best thing they had ever witnessed, and the money well and advannessed, and the money well and advan-tageously invested.

THE SANCTUM FIEND. He lounged in the chief's own private chair, birimming the last exchanges o'er, With a quite at home, deliberate air;
But dread were the hat and boots he were.

Cool! wasn't it? When se entered the roo He nodded screenly to make it appear How wast and gigantic his set could bloom When fresh from Bohomian atmosphere.

"Fine day, old boy!" was his hall, well met, As he tossed his feet to the desk near by; "Ha! that gaze la grand; but never forget 'Adolphus File-Cheek, your slave till I dir

"Don't fidgets bit; just scribble away;
I'll pass you the papers when I get through
And p'r'aps a good nubbin or something gay
I'll pick from the pile and tip you the cue.

"I'll tell what's wanted in those queer days
To stiffen your leaders and give 'em grit;
Just pitch into fellows with twisted ways
Till they come right down or git up and 'git,

"Ideas! By jove, I have plenty now, Red hot and prime, that'll make folks stare Of course I keep private all through the row: The credit be yours, and the lion's share. "Dea't scant my nonsense! Come, now, that's hard, Since here I've dropped in, in a friendly way, To give you a deal with a winning card, Just to warm up things, as the fellows say.

"No? Well, well, make it a crookeder 2, Say just till I cash a check, when I get The same from my governor—close old screw; He'll shuffle off soor, then I'm Azed, you bet,

"Will I take a quester! Dear sir, your hand! I accept, fer I notice your pile is small; "Tis only a shinny; but understand, "Tis loaned to Adolphus Fitz-Cheek 'on call,"

"Adieu, mon ami! Dispenser of news, I go, alss, in all dignity, down; But I trust, at used, you will not refuse To send for the siashingest help in town,"

Wit and Humor.

A TAKING paper—the sheriff's warrant. You should not stone your neighbor, but you may rock his baby. MANY a rascal is like a bell ; he seems

made on purpose to be hanged. Colored barbers are an institution of great antiquity. Hamlet refers to a party who was "a nigger, and a nipping hair."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE "Centennial plan" for making a horse-car conductor honest is to fire off a small cannon after the reception of each fare. - Boston Journal.

HE who leaves but one cat to grow where two cats grew before is a public benefactor, and deserves the blessings of the community .- Rome Sentinel. IRATE wife (whose husband has re-

turned home late)—"Now, I'll just give you a piece of my mind." Husband— "Don't, my dear; you can't spare it." "And what has became of Saul.

Jimmy?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Killed himself," was the reply, "How did he kill himself?" continued the teacher. "Blowed his brains out with a revolver," replied Jimmy. Ar the show, the other evening, a

gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware that he was opaque. The other denied the allegation. He said he was not opaque. His name was O'Brien. MR. BROWNSTUDY-"Ugh! very poor. I don't like that picture at all-do you?'

THE Boston Traveller thinks that

"the wish or willingness to lean upon the rock, killed fifteen of the snakes at one blow. The combat continued for nearly half an hour, when the snakes is self alone is grand." Don't know how it is in Boston, but we've seen fellows leaning on themselves who were not a bit grand; although they may have been Tight-uns.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

About as mean a posishun as enny man kan put himself into iz to work all the time for the devil and look all the time to the Lord for his pay. -Josh Billings.

A MASSACHUSETTS judge has decided that a Jew may work on Sunday, but that he shall not play unless he is a member of an engine company. An engine can't play unless it works.

BREATHES there a Yank so mean, so small, Who never says: "Wall, neow, by gaul, I recken, since old Adam's fall. There's never growd on this 'ere ball A nation so all-fired tall As we Centennial Yankess?"

EDITH-"O dear! I am so tired!"
Loving husband-"What has so fatigued you, my Pippetywippety Pop-pet?" Edith-"Oh! I have had to hold up my parasol all the time I was in the carriage!"-Punch.

A Poor Irishman was about to sell his saucepan, when his children remon-strated. "Ah, me honeys," said he, "I would not be afther partin' with it but for want of a little money to buy something to put in it."

"WHY is it, my dear sir," said Waffles landlady to him the other day, "that you newspaper men never get rich?" "I do not know," was his reply, "ex-cept it is that dollars and sense do not always travel together."

"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a mischievous glance at his "better half." "Before glance at his "better half." "Before rising in the morning she says: 'Oh, dear, I must get up, but I don't want to?' After breakfast she adds; 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to.' And she goes to bed saying: 'There! I have been on the move all day and haven't done anything.'"

Hz seemed to be in a deep study as he stood under the awning of a fruit store and surveyed a heap of cocoanuts. He finally picked one up and examined it, and the dealer was moved to inquire if he wanted to purchase. "I guess not," replied the lad, as he put it down, "but it's my opinion that if the fellers who make cocoanuts would fix 'em to open on hinges us boys would buy millions of em."-Detroit Free Press.

Hard on New Hampshire.

Hard on New Hampshire.

They tell of a pert New Hampshire school teacher near Fitchburg who had a class in geography on the floor, the other day, and she asked one of the boys what the soil was in New Hampshire. The answer was "sterile." The teacher, highly indignant, said the soil was as good in New Hampshire in as Massachusetts. The scholar spunkily denied it, and added, "Father had a bull in a pasture in New Hampshire, and the soil was so poor that the bull starved to death. They could not get enough to death. They could not get enough to bury him, and had to collect pieces of wood and burn him." The teacher did not continue the argument.